or refuses to make a return, or desires the col-

lector to make up a return for him. He further

shows that these duties can only be performed

by United States officers, regularly appointed in

the way provided by the Constitution, and that

deputy collectors who are appointed by the col-

lectors themselves are not such officers. His

third step is to show that it is absolutely impos-

sible for the collectors, who number only about

65 men in the whole country, and cannot possi-

bly be made to exceed 126 before Congress as-

sembles again, to perform these duties of as-

sessment and collection personally. Accord-

ingly, if the taxpayers should insist on having

the collectors instead of the deputies perform

these duties, the income tax could only be col-

lected in an insignificant proportion of cases.

In addition, Mr. Harland shows that the tax-

payer is not liable to the 50 per cent, penalty

provided for in the law until he has been not!

fied at his residence or place of business to pay

it, after April 15, and not then unless he refuse

have the collector make up one for him.

or neglects for ten days to make a return, or to

These points are fully set forth in a brief by

Mr. Harland, of which portions are published in

the Internal Revenue Record of this city, while

the brief is to be published in full in next Mon-

ord presents some opinions of well-known law-

yers, supporting Mr. Harland's views. The Hon. Daniel G. Rollins, formerly Surrogate

was in the office of the United States District At-

torney for this district while the old income tax

was in force, and had special charge of all cases

coming into the office under the Internal Reve-

nuclaws. I was, therefore, familiar with the sub-

ject, and so feel warranted in saying that the

interpretation which Mr. Harland puts upon the

language of the statute is precisely that which

was put upon the same language by the succes-

sive Commissioners of Internal Revenue under

the old law. That deputy collectors, appointed

as they are, cannot lawfully perform the duties

which the statute appears to call for seems fully

Mr. Elihu Root, formerly United States Die

trict Attorney for the Southern District of New

no doubt of the correctness of Mr. Harland's

position. The deputy collectors of internal

revenue provided for under the Income Ta

law are not officers of the United States. Con

gress has no power under the Constitution t

make persons appointed as they are by the Col

United States. This being so, they cannot dis

charge the quasi-judicial functions of the Col-

Mr. Charles H. Truax, formerly of the

Superior Court of New York, thus puts his opinion: "It seems to me that the point taken

by Mr. Harland, that deputy collectors of in-

ternal revenue are not officers of the United

States, and, therefore, have no right to determine what tax shall be imposed on a person who neglects or refuses to make a return of his in-

come, is a good one, and while it does not go to

the merits of the act, that is, its constitution-

ality or unconstitutionality, it may, and prob-

which could have been lawfully enforced. It is prac-ticable now to do as.

I, therefore, think that Mr. Harland is performing a public service in calling attention to the situation at-tempted to be created by this law. I agree in his con-clusion that deputy collectors are not officers of the United States and cannot lawfully discharge the quasi-judicial official functions of the Collector.

It may be added that Mr. Harland was counsel for Samuel J. Tilden during the latter's controversy with the Treasury Department over the income tax, and that his studies and rulings while Deputy Commissioner give to his present

Escaped Four Hunters Only to He Trapped

started rapidly down along the stream. A mile

the lumber region that is run by an old-fashioned

along to be shot. The bear either saw or heard

the foes shead of him and turned and started

up the stream again. The men left their am-

by Treacherous Ice on a Mill Pond.

opinion further weight.

ably will, go far toward preventing the enforce-

of Internal Revenue, officers of the

settled by the opinion of Attorney-General

Speed, which is quoted in the brief."

York, comes to a similar conclusion:

lector.

of New York, expresses himself as follows:

day's issue of that paper. Meanwhile the Rec-

IN A BIG CYPRESS SWAMP. ALEISURELY CRUISE UP A GLOOMY RIVER IN FLORIDA.

Lonesome Settlements Along a Spectral River-Alligators and Moccasins in Plenty - A Brilliant Scene at Night, MAITLAND, Fla., March 21,-" You don't need to provision her for an ocean voyage," said the Captain of the propeller Mary D. Branch. We're not going out of sight of land, and yeu'll find about a dozen good stores when we get into the other river."

The Mary D. Branch was taking on provisions at l'alatka, Fla., for a leisurely voyage up the Ockiawaha River to Silver Spring, her sole pas-mager being THE SUN'S correspondent. The erew consisted of Capt. Henry Branch, who was also engineer, fireman, and cook. The engine sell rang, as a matter of form, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and the odd little boat awung out into the St. John's River. She was built for i sleep, the Mary D. Branch, and her 22 feet of leneth and 6 feet of breadth move clumsily under the impetus of the wood-burning engine that has been put in her.

We'll just nicely make it," Capt. Branch continued, after he had headed his boat for the middle of the St. John's River. "You say you don't care when you reach the Spring; no more de l. But I want to make camp to-night where there's good water. This water in the St. John's is brackish; and when you once see the muddy stuff in the Ocklawaha you'll not want to drink that. Consequently we camp at the mouth of the other river, where there's a cold spring."

In common with most of the St. John's River beatmen, Capt. Branch invariably calls the ocklawsha "the other river," though it is only one of a dozen others. And he is just as invariable in keeping his boat in the middle of the St. John's River, which at Palatka looks simost as broad as the Hudson at New York. It is not well, he says, to run a steamboat's nose into the mud, and the river is shallow slong shore.

The waterway from Palatka to Silver Spring is no the St. John's to Beecher, about thirty-five miles; then up the Ocklawaha to Grahamsville, about sixty miles as the river runs; thence nine miles up the Silver Spring River to Silver spring. This trifling distance is made by the river steamers in about fifteen hours, sometimes less, and by a fast steam launch in ten hours: but the Mary D. Branch is not a racer, and on this occasion she was under contract to allow suple time for fishing, exploring, and admiretion of the scenery.
In most places between Palatka and the Ock-

lawaha's mouth the St. John's River is too wide s give the traveller much idea of its shores. occasionally it narrows down to a few hundred gards, but in general it is more a river for the surist who prefers to sit in a rocking chair on the upper deck and listen to the music of a band. Northern people put it to good use in this way. one of the disadvantages of travel in a small eat was soon eviden . The Mary D. Branch has a tiny cabin with seats along the sides and a lingie thickness of board between the cabin and the sun. The temperature was above 80 degrees entside, and in the cabin it was stifling, though there are no sides, and the curtains were rolled up. It was midsummer on the river, and beautiful spring in most places along shore, but not in all. Many of the trees were even greener than usual because the leaves had been frozen off and new ones had come out. and the ground was green with grass and weeds, speckied with white and pink and yellow flowers. But there were brown islands in this sea of green. The orange groves are still brown and ere, and look like our forest trees in midwinter-leafless, block. They have enough tiny sprouts upon them to delight their owners by showing that they are still alive, but not mough yet to give even a green tinge to the wown. The frosted orange trees mar the beauty d Florida this winter, instead of enhancing it.

There are towns upon the St. John's between Alutka and Beecher, but no large ones. In most cases the assistance of a map is necessary

in find them.

"But every one of them was ence destined to be skreat city," Capt. Branch put it, "There's Rolleston, San Matee, Wettonia, Penicl, Stokes, Satsum, Nahum, Welaka, and so on. Every one of them had its boom, and laid out its lots, and built a wharf for the steamboats to stop at. Well, the towns are still there, but the boom has gone on. Opera houses and City Halls? Well, sir, I sposs there's more of them things along this river than you could count. Mostly used for orange packing houses now."

The voyage really began when the mouth of the Ocklawaha River was reached, late in the afternoon. To "rough it" on the St. John's is too much like trying to camp out in the City list! Park, for pleasure boats are constantly passing and big river steamers making a swell and cupoles of houses on the bank sneering "You think you're in the wilds, but you're mistaken. The St. John's is a civilized river, no place for campers," What the curoles fail to place for campers, "What the curoles fail to place for campers," What the curoles fail to

ressing and big river steamers making a swell and tupoles of houses on the bank sneering. You think you're in the wilds, but you're mistaken. The St. John's is a civilized river, no blace for campers." What the cupolas fail to say is told by hundreds of signs nailed to trees along the shore. "No landing here: private property." "No treespeasing allowed, under penalty of the law." "No shooting allowed." After a few scores of these it becomes a positive pleasure to see a friendly invitation, also nailed to a tranto "Take smith's Pills." Some bright advertiser has taken advantage of the Northern visitor's desire to see an alligator by nailing up at short intervals a sign bearing the word "Alligators" in big letters, with a continuation below it, in much smaller letters, "do not need to take Himalays Bitters, but you do."

The first night's encampment was made, not at the mouth of the Uck lawaha, but about half a nile up that muddy and spectral stream. With a good cabin on the boat a shore encampment seems at first to the stranger to be unnecessary; but such Fiorida boatme. as Capt. Branch have camping reduced to a science, and they know where the greatest comfort is to be found. The boat was piloted into a little cove so surrounded and overhung with dismai cypross trees that heafternoon sun was completely shut out, and hear rope was made fast to a tree that bore the marks of many previous fastenings.

"Now," said the Captain. "you see the force of what I have been telling you about a proper camping outfit. I make a fire on shore and cook car supper, and after supper we sing songs if we like or play seven up, and when bedtime comes we have only to let down the curtains and the cabin is a much better sleeping room than any lett. There is nothing but swamp all around ta, but on the few feet of hard land we can attend our legs. Here is the spring to supply is with fresh water. I don't see what more a man could want to make him happy."

Innest places the cook would collect a few shones to make a firefulacion the spring

mail of some neighboring actilement. There are several such primitive Post Offices along the Ocklawaha.

The muddy, sluggish river is much the same for nearly fifty miles more, though smaller, up to its starting point in Lake Griffin; but Grahamsville is the head of steam navigation. Grahamsville is a sleep little hamlet of a few houses and an orange grove and a grocery, situated in a country that may be described with truth as heavily wooded and well watered. Its only distinction is that it is near the mouth of a river quite as remarkable as the Ocklawaha, but in a different way. This is a rapid stream of purest crystal, called the Silver Spring River.

The Silver Spring River, nine miles long and deep enough to float an ocean steamship, bursts from the ground in the crystal pool called Silver Spring, and carries the waters of the St. John's and the sea. Over its whole course the water is so clear that the boat seems every moment about to scrape the bottom, though the water is often forty or fifty feet deep. Every fish is visible, every shell or sunken stick. The descent from spring to river is so abrunt and the current so rapid that the languid Mary D. Branch seemed in danger every moment of giving up the fight and letting herself sweep back to the cypress region. But with a great expenditure of pine knots she completed the journey.

There's and Capt. Branch, when the boat floated lightly on the surface of the giant pool; "This is Silver Spring, the greatest natural wonder we have in Florida." Now, then, Colonel," was Capt. Branch's first business remark when the boat was under way again in the morning, "you say you want to stop at every town and make a landing wherever we see a house and talk to the people, the colon of the col

ianding about fifteen miles from the river's most it. There was a platform extending slightly it, and piles of cut wood at the shore end.

There are a number of these "wooding stations" along the river to self fuel to the regular siong. Pline wood in cord-woods that shapen slong. Pline wood in cord-woods lengths the price is \$1 a "course," a course being one-third of a cord. By the course, a course being one-third of a cord. By the course is a favorise method of a cord. By the course is a favorise method of a cord. By the course is a favorise method of a cord. By the course is a favorise method of a cord. By the course is a favorise method of a cord. By the course is a favorise method of a cord. By the course is a favorise method of a cord. By the course is a course of a cord. By the course is a course of a cord. By the course is a course of a cord. The course is a course of a

FLORIDA'S GREAT SPRING. THE SPARKLING OUTLET OF A BIG BURTERRANEAN BIVER.

> of war-The Water Clear as Air-The Eiver a Long One-Land Speculations, MAITLAND, Fla., March 27 .- The Silver Spring River is one of the shortest in the United States Its entire course from the spring in which ! rises to the Ocklawaha is only nine miles. The two streams are so different in character and color that there is no room to doubt the identity of each. The Ocklawaha is a sluggish, muddy sluice, winding slowly through an immense cypress swamp; the other is a dashing stream of pure crystal, with a channel deep enough in

It Supplies Water Enough to Float a Man

most places to float a steamship. It is hard to realize in ascending "the run," the stream is called locally, that the entire body of water flows from the ground in one great spring. There are no tributaries and no feeders except in the river bed; right out of the ground in the Silver Spring pool and from the river's bottom comes all the water that rushes with tremendous speed into the Ocklawaha.

The river is wide enough in most places to float one of the big Hudson River boats, and deep enough for any ship that has ever been built. But there are some narrow places and many sharp turns that would make trouble for a big boat. Every few feet a fresh volume of pure water gushes up from the bottom, sometimes from fissures between the rocks and sometimes from natural wells. These wells in the bottom are circular holes in the rock, from four to six or seven feet in diameter, going down often ten or fifteen feet below the bottom. Every well is a fresh spring of pure water, coo enough for drinking and warm enough for bath-

ing in without discomfort.

There is not a house or a sign of habitation or cultivation on either shore of the river between the Ocklawaha and the Spring. The shores are well wooded, but the ground is too marshy for profitable cultivation. A traveller may make the trip a dozen times without seeing a human being on shore. There is hardly a more lonesome spot in the whole State, though Grahamsville is only three or four miles away on the east, and Ocala, a populous town, is ten or twelve miles to the west. In one spot a green prairie of several thousand acres is a relief to the eye, looking like a beautiful field of grass; but it is only a delusion, a swamp of saw grass of no value. The gardsh and cattish have that region to themselves. Eyeless catfish are occa-sionally speared, and the natives think that they have been swept from the underground river that supplied the springs.

The last pull in the river was the hardest, and the little propeller shot shead with a velocity of almost eight miles an hour, when, after rounding a sharp curve, she floated serenely on the surface of the great pool. Silver Spring is by far the largest and most important in Florida, a State where large springs are plenty. With its numerous bays it covers a space fully as large as the City Hall Park, and the depth varies as the City Hall Park, and the depth varies from a few inches to 84 feet. Nowhere away from the shore is it less than 20 to 30 feet.

A great pine forest covers the whole region, growing out of the pure white sand. A mile or two to the east of the apring the ground begins to fail away, as Capt. Branch nuts it, or to become lower, and the lower it goes the more marshy it becomes, until it runs into the great swamp which borders the Ocklawaha River, where nothing grows but moss-covered cypress and swamp bushes. It is in the higher land that the spring bursts forth, in the midst of the pine forest.

and awamp bushes. It is in the higher land that the spring bursts forth, in the midst of the pine forest.

As seen from the mouth of the river, the spring is nearly in a state of nature. On the right are several unpainted warehouses, with a wharf in front, at which steamboats ile. Some distance to the left of this is a smaller wharf, where rowboats are kept for hire; and between the two, some distance back from the water, is a hote! Two or three mative dwelling houses are in sight, and that is all that man has done for Sliver Spring. All the rest is pure nature, and the place does not suffer at all from having been let alone. Having said that the water in the river is clear, a writer needs some stronger word to describe the water of the pool. To float over its surface in a boat is like floating in air. Many articles that visitors have dropped are seen lying upon the bottom. Empty the cans which mark the former presence of man in the deepest depths of the Florida forest are not wanting; and it is startling to see how plainly the labels on some of these cans can be read, lying under fifty or sixty feet of water. The bottom is pure white sand and pure white rock.

The water rushes into the pool through scores of apertures, but the main one is almost directly in front of the warehouses and wharf, and about twenty feet beneath the surface. Here a ledge of rock protrudes from the steep bank, and a river of sparkling water rushes out from beneath the ledge. As it pours out it carries along particles of sand, which glisten in the sunlight like millions of silver coins fresh from the mint. It is this silvery appearance which gives the spring its name. The water rushes out with such force that it makes a bubbling upon the surface, like a boiling spring. A boat lying by the what would be carried down stream unless securely tied. There can be no question in the mind of anybody who sees the water pour out from beneath the ledge of rock, that that point is the main cone of the water rushes out from benind of anybody who sees

securely tied. There can be no question in the mind of anybody who sees the water pour out from beneath the ledge of rock, that that point is the main outlet of a great underground river. No name but well could be given to these deep dozen or more of them. the pool. There are a dozen or more of them, the pool. There are a dozen or more of them, the pool. There are a diameter, as smooth and straight in the stees at though bored into the rock with a big anger. The top of the deepest one is about forty feet below the surface, and the well itself goes down through forty-four feet of rock, smooth and ciear-cut all the way. When the sun is nearly overhead the bottom of this deepest well can be seen almost as plainly as the bottom of the pool, and the outpour of water is sufficient to drive on the surface, and is a sufficient to drive on the surface, and is a sufficient to drive when the surface, and is a sufficient to drive as this, but several come within a few can deep wise fill it up. Non of the first might other wise fill it up. Non of the first might of the surface, and it was a many ups and downs as any in Florida, and it's owned by as many different people as you can see pine treas, almost. One hotel airte another has been built and has burned down, and of course people out I don't know any in the surface and the surface and the surface, and it's pour a surface of the surface and th

aroused by a terrific screeching. It sounded as though all the wildcats and alligators along the river had united to make ag unearthly din. "It's all right," said Capt. Branch, reassur-ingly, "it's only the north-bound boat coming down the river. Now look out for as handsome a sight as you ever saw."

Ingly, the way of the control of the mouth beautiful as you over saw."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a blaze of light swept around a curve in the river, coming apparently through the impenetrable darkness of the moss-hung cypress forest. Music floated across the water, and with another sweeping curve the cabin lights of the boat became visible. The spectacle filled Capt. Branch with joy.

"That's the sort of a pionic travelling on the Ocklawaha passenger boats is." he exclaimed, as he hurriedly rolled up the curtains. "It's ahead of anything you can find, except such a trip as ours. Do you see the passengers all on the

as he hurriedly rolled up the curtains. "It's ahead of anything you can find, except such a trip as oprs. Do you see the passengers all on the upper deck forward, with the band in the midst of them? That's grand, that is. And the light's a thing to warm a man's heart. Do you see what it is? There'sn big iron cradle hung on chains over the pilot house, and as seen as night comes the darkeys pile it high with the light's a thing to darkeys pile it high with the lights that of a light wood and start the blaze. That blaze is kept up till the boat leaves the Ockiawaha and turns into the St. John's, and it lights the river from one curve to the next. It is intended to help the pilot, of course, for he never could find his way down the river in the dark. But look what a show it makes for the passengers! Every cypress lighted up, every log along the shore, every landing."

There was no evaggeration in the Captain's description. The fire of pine knots made an illumination almost equal to an are light, and its weird flickering made an effect upon the draped cypress trees and the black water that no electric light could equal. For len minutes the sepulchral swamp was transformed into a nightmare fairyland. Then the lights and the music faded away, and nothing was left but the twish of the inky river and suspicions of concessions. In the morning a cypress-wamp Post Office was passed. It was a small painted hox natled to a tree overhanging the water, a sign over the lox bearing the familiar words. "U. S. Post Office," Here the passenger hoats on each trip stop long enough to leave and carry away the mail of some neighboring settlement. There are several such primitive Post Offices along the Ocklawaha.

The muddy, sluggish river is much the same

Glory All Around. From the Gardiner Reporter-Journal,

From the Gardiaer Reporter-Journal,
Uncle Gideon Goodwin fifty years ago was one
of the "characters" of the town. At that time
the Methodists used to gather at the houses to
hold their prayer meetings, and as Gideon was a
devout worshipper of that creed he was a regular attendant. One night the meeting was held
at the house of Harlow Harden, and Gideon
was there. In those days excitement ran high

at the house of Harlow Harden, and Gideon was there. In those days excitement ran high, and just as the enthusissm of the assemblage was wrought to the highest pitch "Uncle Harden," as he was always called, arose to his feet and, lifting up his hands, shouted, in a voice full of fervor:

"Glory to Gideon!"

Hardly had the chorus of amens, which the ulterance called forth, died away, when Goodwin, who thought that the praise was meant for him, and was bound to return the compliment, jumped up and said:

"Glory to you, too, Uncle Harden."

into the race, which is a narrow chute or sluicadeed for a lot here at Silver Springs. Then that
would be the end of it. People didn't stop to
consider that it would hardly pay to spend \$100
to come down to Florida to look after a \$2 lot.
In a little while the land was all sold for taxes.

"That was the way it stood the last time I
knew anything about it. I don't know how it
may be now. Maybe somebody's cleared the
titles all up. It's not a place that's ever grown
very fast, anyhow. Grow? Why, I'll tell you.
One time when I was up here about ten years
ago I walked around the place a bit, and not far
from the spring I saw a new house going up,
about half finished. It was quite a surprise to
me, so I inquired whose house it was.

"Why, that's the station agent's house,' they
told me. 'He's a-building it humself. After the
morning train comes in he goes over and does as
little work on it, and works on till he has to
come back to look after the evenin train. It's
slow work, but he'll fetch it in time.

"Well, sir, that house sin't quite finished yet;
not just entirely finished, you know. I s'nose
they must 'a put on another train or two, so's
the man didn't have as much time. Still there's
been some building, and there's a little going on
now. It's always been a wonder to be that
there wasn't mure, for it's one of the pretiest
places in Florida, to see mind.

In the trace, which is in the wheel. There
was unable to realst being carried along
water, now acting animal was sucked into
the save unable to realst being carried along
water, now such respect in it. The
hunters were too surprised to fire a shot, and in
a few seconds they saw the bear no more.

John Gray, the sawyer, was busy attending to
the saw inside the mill, and had known nothing
of the bear. Suddenly the machinery slowed
up and then stopped entirely, to the great astonsaw less mild the saw to a window hole at one slie of the mill
and looked out at the big wheel. There
when he mid the wheel he saw the hind quarters
and was caught by the maching of t

THE ODIOUS INCOME TAX. SECRETS OF FOX HUNTING.

cinions of Ex-Surrogate Rollins, Mr. Eithu Root, Judge Trunx, Mr. W. H. Field, and Mr. Gulliver an to Its Collectibility. STEUBEN COUNTY HUNTER'S THREE INFALLIBLE METHODS. Mention has already been made of the opinion held by Mr. Thomas Harland, formerly Deputy By Them He Captured More than 6,000 Petts - Fooling Fexes with a Lame Hound, Masking as a Charred Stump, and Luring Them with Field Micc. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, that the new Income Tax law does not provide adequate means for its enforcement. Mr. Harland shows BATH, N. Y., March 19.-Fox hunting is a that there are certain judicial functions required of the collector under the law, in the assessment of taxes, where the taxpayer neglects

popular sport in the Cohocton Valley, and foxes seem to be always plentiful. The most successful hunter of foxes in the valley is acknowledged to be Bill Kelsey of Avoca. When fox pelts commanded a good price in the market, years ago, foxes were bunted and trapped for profit, and hundreds were shipped from this region to market during the months the for was in good condition. Then it was that Bill Kelsey distinguished himself by daily bringing in from three to ten foxes, while other hunters and trappers frequently returned from the chase and traps empty-handed. Kelsey never permitted any one to hunt in his company or to go with him when he was setting or taking up his traps. He accumulated a fair competence by his success in capturing for pelts, foxes being the only animal he ever spent his time in hunting or trapping. His brother hunters were extremely jealous of his success. Some of them believed that he was possessed of a secret by which he charmed foxes to his traps and within range of his gun. But the only secret he ever had was a careful observation of the habits, eccentricities, and customs of the fox family, and the adoption of a line of strategy in dealing with the shy and cunning animals based on that knowledge of their daily and nightly life.

"Now that I have quit the business of fox

the shy and cunning animals based on the world can chart and sheep of their daily and nightly life.

In a howledge of their daily and nightly life.

In a moveledge of their daily and nightly life.

In a moveledge of their daily and nightly life.

In a moveledge of their daily and nightly life.

In any of the world of the present of the present of the world of the present of the world of an extellar and sheep of the world of the wo

ably will, go far toward preventing the enforcement of fhe act."

Mr. William Hildreth Field considers the law as unconstitutional, and thinks there is a chance that the Suprame Court will so decide: "But if they do not, then I am of the opinion that the course suggested by Mr. Harland should be followed, and time may secure the benefit of our written Constitution and good law. Assessment of taxes is the same as a judgment, and a Judge cannot delegate his powers to a deputy."

It further appears that Mr. W. C. Gulliver of the well-known law firm of Alexander & Green presents these views:

It is a strain to the patrottsm as well as to the benevolence of the taxpayer to consent to contribute any sum to the foregonest that any deputy collector, acting as detective, accountant, witness, counsel, Judge, and jury, may, without legal authority, arbitrarily fix.

It was quite practicable to have framed a statule which could have been lawfully enforced. It is justiciable now to do so.

I, therefore, think that Mr. Harland is performing a here and there, leisurely, and as if there wasn't anything on their minds, among the blackened stumps, stoppin' now and then to look about 'em. I never could find out why foxes took a mornin' run through such places, or had mass meetin's there, but I never failed to see foxes in any lot of that kind I ever took a look over at the proper time.

any lot of that kind I ever took a look over at the proper time.

"And while I was studyin' out the doin's of foxes in these burnt lots I discovered another queer thing about 'em. It was a little thing, but it turned a good many pelts into my bag. It was that a fox, after trottin' along for maybe ROULETTE, Pa., March 28 .- On one of the warm days of last week a hear came out of his winter deeping place near the head waters of the Ciarion River, in Elk county, and was indiscreet enough to take a tramp through the snow in quest of something to eat. The tracks in the now were discovered by two lumbermen, who took their guns and followed the trail. It led hem three miles, and then they discovered the car standing at the edge of the stream, evidently fishing. Before the men could get within safe gunshot the bear got scent of them and pelow is one of the few remaining sawmills in water wheel. The power comes from a big mili-pond through a long raceway.

The bear kept his course along the bank of the river and the hunters followed close on his trail. When within sight of the mili the bear was discovered by a man there, and the miller and a companion armed themselver, hid in some laurels, and waited for bruin to come

wenty or twenty-five yarda, would suddenly give a little kick or twitch with one hind leg. stop, and invariably turn his head and look back over his shoulder. I watched fox after fox, and other his shoulder. I watched fox after fox, and other his shoulder. I watched fox after fox, and other his shoulder. I watched for each houlder. "Nature." I said, 'and bein' nature, it'll be stop, and the look selden been able to get a shot at one, although I saw so many among the atumps, them two shots that killed five bein' the chance of a lifetime. But the kick and the atop and the look give me an idea. And next day, when I went to a burntlot where I had seen plenty of foxes, I was dressed from head to foot in black clothes, and even my face and hands were blackened. There was nothin' to be seen about me but the blackest kind o' black. When I had been a fox. With my sun rearly is the footo-even a fox. I have such a footo-even a fox. I have such a footo-even a foot the foes ahead of him and turned and started up the stream again. The men left their ambuscade to follow. Bruin went but a short distance when he either remembered or scented the hinters who were coming down the river. After pausing a moment on the edge of the milipond, which was frozen over, he went down the bank and started across the pond on the ice. The two men from the mill fired, and one of the builets took effect in one of the bear's forelegs. The bear did not change his course, but went limpling on toward the opposite side of the pond. The chances were good for reaching that side, so far as danger from his pursuers was concerned, but danger lay in wait for him in another form. The two or three days of warm weather had rotted and weakened the ice on the pond, and when the bear had reached the inded die of the frozen surface the ice suddenly gave way beneath his weight, and bruin disappeared beneath the treacherous covering of the pond. The two hunters from up the stream came upon the scene just as the bear broke through, and they and the men from the mill waited to see whether bruin would reappear at the opening. He did not, and the four men waiked down toward the mill.

The head of the raceway is more than a hundred yards below the spot where the bear broke through the sice, and the water rushes along when the gates are up with great velocity. The hunters had almost reached the head of the race, when they were astounded to see the bear appear from beneath the ice, which extended down to within a few fest of the raceway gates. He had either swum or been carried all that distance under the ice. When his head appeared, he gave a snort and started toward shore. Seeing the men, he turned and started in the gates were up, and the water rushing swiftly into the race, which is a narrow chute or situred way, with a decided fall toward the wheel. The bear in turning was caught by the swift current and was unable to resist being carried allong with it. The struggling animal was sucked into

he don't make a dash for itatonce. He feels that there is something wrong, yet he wants that morsel, and he's bound to investigate. The way a fox approaches a balt is worth seein. He trots in circles around the spot where he sees maybe his dinner waitin' for him. First the circles are hig ones, but they get narrower and narrower until he has his ness most against the bait. I had seen so many foxes do this circusin' around a trap until they got to it, and I thought they were my pelts certain, and then seen 'em turn and set away from the spot as fast as they could without touchin' the bait that I made up my mind that I knew a trick worth three of Mr. Fox's. I tried puttin' my bait on the ground and settin' my trap, all covered up nice and natural, ton or fifteen feet away. The idea was that if a fox came along, tempted by that bait, he'd begin his circusin', keepin' his eyes all the time on the bait, and the first thing he'd know he'd step on the covered-up trap and I'd have another pelt. It worked to a disktum, and I never set a trap in that wa, unless I got a fox if a fox came that way. So you ere it's easy to get the best of foxes if you only know how."

The Export of Cattle Increasing-Comparison with Americans From the London Times.

stock and dead meat valued at something in excess of £23,000,000. To the items which made up this large total the Argentine Republic contributed 1.675.600 frozen sheep, 90,000 live sheep, 29,000 quarters of frozen beef, and 28, 000 live bullocks, figures which show that the Argentine is already a great factor in the sources of our meat supply. This being the case it be-comes a question of practical interest to inquire what are its potentialities as a food-producing and particularly as a meat-exporting country. It is alleged by those who have practical experience of the matter that in no other

be produced and fattened as cheaply as

CATCHING EELS IN HIS OLD AGE.

Setter Past His Hunting Days. MILFORD, Conn., March 19.-Silas Merwin, who lives out on the Quarry Creek road, has an old English setter named Josh. The dog has grown so old that he has lost his once fine scent, and last autumn the Merwin boys bought a Laverack pup to replace him. The setter was broken hearted over being put aside for a new dog, and old man Merwin, feeling pity for him, began to take him down to the shore when he went to look after his cel pots. Josh grew to

This spring he has given proof of his ability in a new line. For a week or, so Merwin found a pole of big iamproy eels lying in his fish trough in the wood shed every morning, and he couldn't discover how they got there until last Tuesday morning, when he was amazed by seeing old

Bah for Sam Wol Tal and Reform!

Prom the St. Louis Republic.

LEXINGTON, Neb., March 26.—The citizens of this town are considerably worked up over the election of city officers. Sam Wol Tai, a Chinaman, is a dark horse, with a petition signed by fifty citizens and business men. Although the City Cierk threw the petition out, the voters say they will write Sam's name on the ticket. Sam Wol Tai says he will run everything wide open, but will fine every person who does wrong and use the proceeds to build an opera house.

ARGENTINE MEAT.

Last year England imported from abroad live

country in the world can cattle and sheep

would kill it in a few years.

The discovery of the alfalfa district is of recent date. For a long time people would not believe it capable of growing anything, as the land was considered to be some of the worst in the country, barely able to raise a few lean criollo cattle and goats—a dry, sandy country, while alfalfa required the deep, black, rich soil of the province of Buenos Ayres and a good rainfall, whereas about Fraile Muerto it only rains three or four times during the year. Still this semi-desert, which will not grow any kind of useful grass or a tree of any size, will grow alfalfa in the most abundant fashion almost without ploughing the land, and merely scratching it after burning the scant pampa grass. The explanation probably is that in this loose, sandy soil water is found at an average depth of about twenty feet, and their way into it, and make the plant independent of rainfall or irrigation. Alfalfa, if preserved from animals, will give five cuttings or crops per annum, yielding in the aggregate about twelve tons of hay per acre, but in such case the farmer must be within a reasonable distance of the river ports, otherwise the rail-way freight will take all his profits, hay being usually worth in Rosario 30s, a ton and in Buenos Ayres about £2. It is more than likely that this valuable leguminous plant, which, like it allies, sainfoln, cover, &c, obtains nitrogen from the air for nothing, is destined to play an important part in the industrial development of the Argentine.

A New Industry Developed By an English

take a great interest in the new work and never

discover how they got there until last Tuesday morning, when he was amazed by seeing old Josh trot in with a fat eel in his mouth, deposit the cel in the trough, and then trot away again toward the creek. Merwin followed him through the orchard, down across the meadow to Alder Brook, a shallow stream about a rod wide, fiere he hid behind a clump of willows and watched proceedings. Josh entered the stream and began wading down stream stealthilly. All at once he darted his nose into the water and started for shore dragging a goodsized lamprey along with him.

Stopping a moment to look into the brook, Merwin saw that the Inmpreys were plenty there, and then he rocalled that when he was a boy he used to catch them in the stream in the carly spring. They run up the small-freshwater creeks to snewn, hundreds of them, and not being cumning or quick in their movements, many of them had fallen easy victims to the dog. Josh still continues his ceiling. His master has had a low box placed down near the brook, so as to save the old fellow his long fourney up to the house with each fish. When the box is full the dog runs up to the house and barks till some one goes down to the house and barks till some one goes down to the house and barks till some one goes down to the house and barks till some one goes down to the brook to drag hound trout. He was scouled about this catch, however, for his owners are all too good sportsmen to encourage him in trout nipping. A New liaven museum proprietor is trying to buy Josh, but Merwin axvs:

"No, ar! Not for sale! Josh is one of the family, and about the smartest one in it, too!"

BOTTOM-FEEDING FISH.

PLENTY OF LIFE FOUND AT THE BOTA OM OF THE SEA.

Fish That How's Among Rocks and Marine Plants and Aind Secure Hiding Places-Pormution of Centres of Marine Life. There are many figh that live at the bottom of the sea and very seldem come to the top, except

when pursued by an enemy. They include the

halibut, flatfish, and swate. There are, however,

many bottom-feeding fish that move about

much more freely, such as the blackfish, ood-

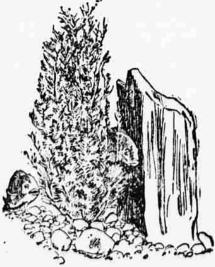
fish, burgall, sculpin, and asa raven. These like



BURGALIS. to roam around among rocks and bushes on the bottom, where they find food and hiding places, The blackfish, or tautog, gets into crevices in the rocks. Many blackfish hibernate. They seek deeper water, where the temperature is higher, when winter comes, and get into crevices and stay there, perhaps for mouths. The crevices afford them protection from the action of tides and currents, and secure them also from molestation by other fishes that keep abroad during the winter season. In these respects the sea bass is much like the blackfish.



Marine plants may grow in considerable areas or in clumps or detached masses. They grow wherever there is anything for them to attach themselves to, such as a stone, submerged cribwork, or a sunken wreck. Wherever marine plants are found there also are to be found small crustacea and other animal life. Fish seek such places for food, and in this manner a sunken wreck, for example, soon becomes a centre of all kinds of marine life.



BURGALLS. The pictures here given are of fish life in the New York Aquarium. In a number of the wall tanks there are rocks or marine growths of one tanks there are rocks or marine growths of one kind or another, among which the fish love to hide or to lie quietly. The delicate plant-like growths seen in these pictures are all sertularia, and are really not plants, but formations built up by thousands of minute animals. The fish in these tanks are burgails and blackfish. Sometimes they get into the sertularia, or, as in the tank where the stone standing on edge is shown, between the sertularia and the stone, and remain there for hours motionless.

GLAD HAND AND MARBLE HEART. Two Colloquial Expressions New Popular Among City Politicians

Expressions to be popular among politicians must usually possess at least the merit of conciseness, but an exception to the rule is the colloquial phrase now common among city statesmen, "the glad hand and the marble heart." Translated into ordinary English the giad hand means the cordial salutation which it is always in the power of the dispenser of public offices and benefits to extend to the office seeker. The glad hand means a cheerful greeting, which takes usually the form of a hearty handshake and a friendly inquiry after the con-

dition of the visitor's health.

With such a preliminary the visitor is encouraged to believe that the pathway which leads to attaining his ambition is a clear one but he very soon finds that this is not the case, for the marble heart intervenes to prevent. By this expression is meant the manifestation of indifference to the hopes of the visitor. The man who has but recently greeted him vigorously and effusively takes refuge under various pretexts and excuses, and declares that it is impossible to do as much for his visitor as he would like, and that while he does not wish to withhold from the latter the expression of his kind wishes, thore is, really, nothing that he can do for him. There used to be an expression in New York about "letting a man down easy," the significance of which was that his resentment or disappointment should be mitigated to the greates. Stent possible, but in the giad hand and marble heart the condition is reversed. The visitor at three was down hard "-hard and unexpectedly!" attaining his ambition is a clear one, but he